TALMAGE.

What Is the Influence of Club-Houses in American Cities?

Dr. Talmage Propounds the Query and Answers It in His Sunday Sermon.

Every Tree is Known by His Own Fruit."

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 26.-Dr. Talmage preached this morning in the Brooklyn Tabernacle on the subject: "What is the infloence of club houses in American cities?" Before the sermon Dr. Talmage explained the twenty-second chapter of Proverbs on the value of a good name which comes from equipoise of temper and industry. The hymn sung was:

"Before Jehevah's awful throne. Ye nations bow with sacred joy." The text was Luke vi., 44: "Every tree is known by his own fruit." Dr. Talmage

Fall pippins do not grow on a crab apple tree. Choke pears are not found in an orchard of Bartletts. Christ laid down this principle, and it is always applicable and everywhere applicable. If you want to find whether an "institution is good or bad, you have only to examine the kind of character it produces. I remember in my father's orchard there was a large apple tree that yielded luxuriant fruit; but it had a hollow trunk so that we boys could hide in it, which was the best position from which to examine the fruit of that tree-in the trunk where we sometimes used to hide, or standing outside looking up at the fruit? "Well," you say, "standing outside and looking at it." And so I really believe that those inside any institution are less competent to judge of its tendencies than those who are standing outside and watching the products perpetually shaken down.

I am saked what is the influence of the club-houses of this country? To the austine for the service of God, or to charity, or to art, or to anything elevated; but let not man man are gregarious. Cattle in heards. Fish sacrifice home life to club life. I have the circles. You may by the discharge of a gun | prominent clubs of these cities, and I can scatter a flock of quails or by the plung of an another send apart the denzens of the sea; but guilty of this sacrilege. They are as genial they will gather themselves together again, as angels at the club-house, as ugly as sin at If you by some new power could break the sesociations in which men now stand, they would again adhere. God meant it so. He bas gathered all the flowers and shrubs into children's shoes. That man has made that sesociations. You may plant one "forget- which might be a heathful recreation an usurhas gathered all the flowers and shrubs into sessitations. You may plant one "forget-me-not" or "heart's-ease" alone, away off upon the hillside, but it will soon hunt up some other, "forget-me-not" or "heart's ease." Plants love company. You will fing them talking to each other in the dew.

A GALAXY OF STARS

is only a mutual life insurance company. You sometimes see a man with no outbranching of sympathy. His nature is cold and hard, like a ship's mast, ica-glazed, which the most agile sailer could never climb. Others have a thousand roots and a thousand branches. Innumerable tendrils climb their hearts and blosssom all the way up, and the fowls of heaven sing in the branches. In consequence of this tendency we find men coming together in tribes, in communities, in churches, in societies. Some gather together to cultivate the arts, some to plan for the welfare of the State, some to discuss religious themes, some to their mirth, some to ad-their craft. So every active community is divided into associations of artists, of merchants, of book-bing ers, of carpenters, of mesons, of plasterers, or shipwrights, of plumbers. Do you cry out against it? Then you cry out against a tendency divinely implanted. Your tirades will accomplish no more than if you should preach to a busy ant-hill or bee hive a long sermon against secret societies.

All intelligent ages have had their gatherings characterized by the blunt old Anglo-Saxon designation of "club" If you have read history you know that there was a King's Head Club, a Ben Johnson Club, a Bro her's Club, to which Swift and Bolingbroke belonged: a Literary Club, which Burke and Goldsmith and Johnson and Bos-well made immortal; a Jacobin Club, a Benjamin Franklin Junto Club. Some of these

Look at two specimens: What an imperial hallway! See, here are pariors on this side with the upholstery of the Kremlin and the Tutleries, and here are dining halls that challenge you to mention any luxury that they can not afford, and here are galleries with sculpture and paintings and lithographs and drawings from the best of artists, Cropsey and Bierstadt and Church and Hart and Gifford—pictures for every mood, whether you are impassioned or placid; shipwreck or sunlight over the sea, Sheridan's ride or the noonday party of the farmers under the tree, foaming deer purtage.

They never come. Bring me mallet and chisel and I will cut on the tombstone that man's epitarmers under the tree, foaming deer purtage.

They never come. Bring me mallet and chisel and I will cut on the tombstone that man's epitarmers under the tree, foaming deer purtage. farmers under the tree, foaming deer pursued by the hounds in the Adirondacks or the sheep on the lawn! On this side there are reading rooms where you find all newspapers and magezines. On that side there is a literary where you find all books from hermeneutics to the fairy tale. Coming in and chisel and I will cut an *honest epitaph:

Inghteous, and let my last end do has him.

"No," you say, "that would not be appropriate." Who a few years ago ran errands for the bank has got to be cashier and thousands chisel and I will cut an *honest epitaph:

Of other young men have gone up ten minutes, others stay many hours. Some of these are from luxuriant homes, and they | by the scions of some aristocratic family who mestic circles that they may enjoy the large sociability of the club house. These are from dismembered household, and they have a plain lodging somswhere, but they come to this club-room to have their chief enjay. ment. One black ball amid ten votes will defeat a man's becoming a member. For rowdyism, for drunkeness, for gambling. for any kind of misdemeanor, a member is dropped out. Brilliant club houses from top to bottom. The chandeliers, the plate, the furniture, the companionship, the literature, the rocial prestige, a complete enchantment.

ANOTHER CLUB HOUSE.

ir tolerable. These young men are at this table—it is easy to understand what they are at from the flushed cheek, the intent look, the almost angry way of tossing the dice or of moving the "chips;" they are gambling. At another table are men who are telling vile stories. They are three-fourths intoxicated, and between 12 and 1 o'clock they will go staggering, hooting, swearing, shout-ing on their way home. This is an only son; the implements of dissipation and commercial establishments going to run of a lecomotive casts its gleam through the of quick death. As the hours of the through the social excesses of one or two darkness as it is turned around; so I catch up

is time to shut up. Those who are able to stand will get out on the pavement and balance themselves against the lamp-post or against the railings of the fence. The young man who is ro; able to stand will have a bed improvised for him in the club house, or two not quite so overcome with liquor will conduct him to his father's house and they will ring the door bell and the door will open and the two imbecile escorts will introduce into the hallway the ghastliest and most heilish speciacle that ever enters a front door-a drunken son. If the dissipating club houses of this c untry would make a contract with the Inferno to provide it 10,-000 men a year, and for twenty years, on the condition that no more should be asked of them, the club-houses could afford to make that contract, for they save homesteads, save fortunes, save bodies, minds 4nd souls. The 10,000 men who would be sacrificed by that contract would be but a small part of the multitude sacrificed without the contract.

But I make a vast difference between clubs.

I have belonged to four clubs-a theological club, a ball club and two literary clubs. got from them physical rejuvenation and moral health. What shall be the principle? If God will help me, I will lay down three principles by which you may judge whether the club where you are a member or the club to which you have been invited is a legitimate or an illegitimate club-house. . First of all I want you to test the club by

its influences on home, if you have a home. I have been told by a prominent gentleman in our life that three-fourths of the memhers of the great clubs of these cities are m rried men. That wife soon loses her influe nce over her husband who nervously and for itship looks upon all evening absence as an assault on domesticity. How are the gnat enterprises of art and literature and beneficence and public weal to be carried on if every man is to have his world b unded on one side by his front door step and on the other side by his back window, knowing nothing higher than his own attic, or nothing lower than his own cellar? That wife who becomes jealous of her husband's attention to art or literature or religion or charity, is breaking her own scepter of con-genial power. I know in this church an instance where a wife thought that her hu . band was giving too many nights to Christian ervice, to charitable service, to prayer-mee: ings and to religious conversation. She systems tically decoyed him away until now he attends neither this nor any other church, and is on a rapid way to destruction, his morals gone, his money gone, and, I fear, his soul gone. Let any Christian wife rejoice when her husband consacrates evenings to in schools. Birds in flocks. Men' in spenat | rolls of the members of a great many of these per of his affections, and he has married it and he is guilty of moral bigamy. Under this process the wife, whatever her features, becomes uninteresting and homely. He becomes critical of her, does not like the dress, does not like the way she arranges her hair is a married that he way she arranges her hair does not like the way she arranges her hair is amazed that he was ever to unromantic as to offer her hand and heart. She is always wanting money, money mone wanting money, money, money, when she ought to be discussing Dexters and Derby day and English drags with six horses, all answering the pull of one "ribbon." I tell you there are thousands of houses in

Brooklyn and New York being

There are club houses in these cities where n embership always involves domestic shipwreck. Tell me that a man has joined a certain club—tell me nothing more about him for ten years, and I will write his nistory, if he be still alive. The man is a winegnzzler, his wife broken-hearted or prematurely old, his fortune gone or reduced, and
his home a mere name in a directory. Here
are six secular nights in the week. "What
shall I do with them?" says the father and
the husband. "I will give four of those nights to the improvement and entertain-ment of my family either at home or in good neighborhood; I will devote one to charitable institutions; I will devote one to the club." I congratulate. Here is a man who says: "I will make a different division of the six nights. I will take three for the club and three for other purposes." I tremble. Here is a man who says: "Out of the six sec-ular nights of the week I will devote five to the club-house and one to the home, which night I will spend in scowling like a March squail, wishing I was out spending it as I had the other five." That man's obituary is written. Not one out of ten thousand that to indicate justice, some to favor the arts, some to promote good manners, some to despoil the habits, some to destroy the soul. So now we have club-houses and they are as different from each other as day and night.

Loss at two specimens:

Written. Not the out of ten thousand that goes so far on the wrong road ever stops.

Gradually his health will fail through late bours and through too much stimulus. He will be first-rate prey for erysipelas and rheumatism of the heart. The doctor, coming in, will at a glance see it is not only present disease he must fight, but years of fast living. The clergyman, for the sake of the feelings of the family on the funeral day, will only talk in religious generalities. The man who got his yacht in the eternal rapids will not be at the obsequies. They will have pressing engagements that day. They will say, "That is my business!" They will come cross and befogged to the store and bank, and ever and anon neglect some duty. to utter words of sympathy, but they will Lord." "No." you say, "that would not be appropriate." "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." out, there are gentlemen, some of whom stay | "Here lies the victim of a dissipating club house!" I think that damage is often done | tions, he has been going down until there he have excused themselves awhile from the do- | belong to one of these dissipating club-houses. People coming up from humbler classes l'at mud-spattered and set sideways on a ness department is now in operation. feel it an honor to belong to the same club, shock of greasy hair, and askes of his cigar Officers and proprietors: forgetting the fact that many of the sons | dashed upon his cravat. Here he goes! Look and grandsons of the large commercial establishments of the last generation are now see the work of the dissipating club room. I as to morals, rotten. They would have got through their property long ago if they had had full possession of it, but their willy ancestors, who got the money by hard knocks.

O men who are right to body, diseased; knew one such who, after the contaminations of his club-house, leaped out of the third-story window to put an end to his wretchedness.

O men who are right. everything in the will. Now there is nothing of that unworthy descendant but his grandfather's name and roast-beef rotundity. And yet how many steamers there are which feel honored to lash fast to that worm-eaten Opening the door we find the fumes of | feel honored to lash fast to that worm-eaten strong dr nk and tobacco, something almost | tug, though it drags them straigh; into the

mate—the effect it has on your secular occu-pation. I can understand how through such an institution a man can reach commerciasuccesses. I know some men have formed their best business relations through such a coannel. It the club has advantaged you in an honorable calling it is a legitimate club. on him all kindness, all care, all culture has been bestowed; he is paying his parents in this way for their kindness. That is a voung married man, who only a few months ago at the altar made promises of kindness and idelity, every one of which he has broken. Walk through and see for yourself. Here are all through and see for yourself. Here are all through the social extendishments going to run through the social extendishments going to run of alter midnight—the effect of your example. And as your son's constitution may not be as strong as yours and the liquor he drinks more terribly drugged, he will catch up with you on the road to death, although you got the start of him. And so you will both go to hell together.

A revolving Drummond light on the head of alcomotive casts its cleam through the social excesses of one or two

the "Ville du Havre." They struck, and the "Ville du Havre" went under.

by which you may know whether the club to which you belong or the club to who e membership you are invited is a legitimate club or an illegitimate club, is this: What is its effect on your sense of moral and religious obligation? Now if I should take the names of all the people in this audience this morning and put them on a roll and then I should lay the roll back of this organ and a hundred years from now some one should take that roll and call it from a to z that would not one of you answer. I say that any association that makes me forget that fact is a bad association. When I go to Chicago I am sometimes perplexed at Buffalo, as I suppose many travellers are, as to whether it is better to take the Lake Shore route or the Michigan Central, equally expeditous and equally safe, getting at the destination at the same time. But suppose that I hear that on one route the track is torn up and the bridges are torn down and the switches are unlocaed? It will not take me a great while to dec de which road to take. Now here are two roads into the fature, the Christian and the unch istian, the safe and the unsafe. Any institution or any association that confuses my idea in regard to that fact is a bad institution and a ned a sec ation.

I had prayers before I joined the club. Did I have them after? I attended the house of Ged before I connected myself with the c'ub. Since that union with the club do I which would you rather have in your hand when you come to die, a pack of cards or a Bible? Which would you rather have pressed of Belibszzarean wassail or the chalice of Christ an communion? Who would you rather have for your pall-bearers, the elders of a Christian church or the companions whose conversation was full of slang and innendo? Who would you rather have for your eternal companions, these men who spend their evenings betting, gambling, swearing, carousing and telling vile stories, or your little child, that bright girl whom the Lord toos? Oh, you would not have been away so much nights, would you, if you had known she was going away so soon? Dear me, tyour house has never been the same since. Your wife has never brightened up. She has not got over it; she never will get over it. How long the evenings are with no one to put to bed and no one to tell the beautiful Eible story? What a pity it is that you can not spend more evenings at home in trying to help her bear that sorrow? You can never drown that grief in the wine cup. You can never break away from the little arms that used to be flung around your neck when she used to say: "Papa, do stay home to night, do stay home to night!" You will never be able to wipe from your lips the dying kiss of your little girl. The fascination of a dissipating club-hous is so great that sometimes a man has turned his back on his home when his child was dying of scarlet fever. He went away. Before he got back at midnight the comes upstairs and he sees the cradle gone and the windows up and says: "What is the matter?" In the judgment day he will find out what was the matter. Oh, man astray, God help you!
I deplore this ruin the more, because this

style of dissipation is taking down our finest men. The admission fee sifts out the penurious, and takes only those who are called he best fellows. Oh, how changed you are! Not so kind to your wife as you used to be; not so patient with your children. Your conscience is not so much at rest. You out are not so happy. It is not the public drinking saloon that is taking you down, but it is simply and undeniably your clab room. You do not make yourself as agreeable in your family as once. You go home at 12 o clock with an unnatural flush upon your cheek and a strange color in your eye that you got at the club. You merely acknowledge that you feel queer. You say that champagne never intoxicates, that it only (Xhi'arates, makes the conversation fluent, shakes up the makes the conversation fluent, shakes up the humor, and has no bad effect except a headache the next day. Be not deceived. Champagne may not, like whisky, throw a man under the table; but if, through anything you drink you gain an unnatural fluency of speech and glow of feeling, you are simply drunk. If those imperiled were heartiess yourg men, stingy young men, I would not have sorry as I am but there are many of bs so sorry as I am, but there are many of them generous to a fault, frank, honest, cheerful, talented. I begrudge the devil anch a prize. After a while these persons

LOSE ALL THE FRANKNESS AND HONOR for which they are now distinguished. The r count-nances will get haggered, and instead of looking one in the eye when they talk. they will look down. After a while when and after a while will be dismissed; and then, with nothing to do, will rise in the morning at 10 o'clock, cursing the servant because the breakfast is cold, and then go down town and stand on the steps of a fash-ionable hotel and criticise the passers-by. While the young man who was clerk in a cellar has come up to the first clerk, and he of other young men have gone up to higher and more responsible post passes through the street with bloated lip and blocdshot eye and staggering step and

O men who are victims of dissipating asso-ciations, your sins will follow you! I de-scribe the history of thousands of households when I say that the tea is rapidly taken and while yet the family linger the father shoves back his chair, has "an engagement," lights his eigar and starts out, not returning until after midnight. That is the history of 365 breakers.

Another test by which you can find whether your club is legitimate or illegitimate a prospect? Wait until your sons get to be sixteen or seventeen years of age and they, too, will shove back from the tea table, have "an engagement," light their cigars, go over to their club-houses, their night key rattling in your door after midnight—the effect of

comes imbecile and more debasing. Now it | with ball-players' bat, or cut amid ship by | until its tremendous flashes into all the the front prow of the regata or going down | club-houses of our cities, Flee the presence under the swift hoofs of the fast horses, or of dissipating club houses. "Paid your drowned in large polations of cognac or money?" Sacrifice that rather than your Monongahela. Their club-house was the soul. "Good fellows," are they? They can "Loch Earn." Their business houses was not stay what they are under such influences. Mollusca live two hundred fathoms down in the Norwegian seas. The Siberian stag grows fat on the stunted growth of Attain peaks. The Hedysarium thrives amid the desolation of Sahara. Tufts of osier and birch grow on the hot lips of volcanic Schneehalten. But good character and useful lite thrive amid club-room dissipations-never! The best way to make a wild beast cower is to look him n he eye, but the best way to treat the temptations I have described is to turn your oack and fly. Oh, my heart aches! I see men struggling to get out of the serfdom of bad habits, and I want to help them. I have knelt with them and heard their cry for he'p. I have had them put one hand on each of my shoulders and look me in the eye with an ageny of earnestness that the judgment shall have no power to make me forget, and from their lips, scorched with the fires of ruin, have heard them cry: "God help me!" There is no rescue for such save in the Lord Almighty.

> A Mother-in-law's Statue. [London Times.]

A fine marble portrait statue of a Roman lady has been discovered near the Scala Santa in Rome. It is sculptured in Spotless Parisn marble of the rarest quantry. The right hand, which was raised, is unfortunately wanting, and the nose and the tips of both great toes hive been bruised; but with these exceptions it is se feet, and the surface of the marble, unit jured by corrosion, is almost as pure as the day it left the sculptor's studio. A Greek inscription on the plinth tells us it was erected to an intelligent mother-in-low by her son-in-law. Eubouleon.

The statue is particularly interesting from the circumstance that the face only is that of Eubouleon's mother-in-law. Of statues which have teen made to serve for those of persons of a la ter period by the entire removal of the head, snother head being substituted, there are many examples. But in this statue we have the hitherto unique instance of the original face, having been sunk sufficiently to permit of the features being altered into these of the lady whose relationship to Ea-bonleon is recorded on the plinth. The lettering on the plinth, and the manner in which the face and bair are carved, would indicate that the alteration was made in the first half of the third century, while the sistue utilized is a fine work of about the time of Hardrian if not an earlier era.

F. SCHMIDT.

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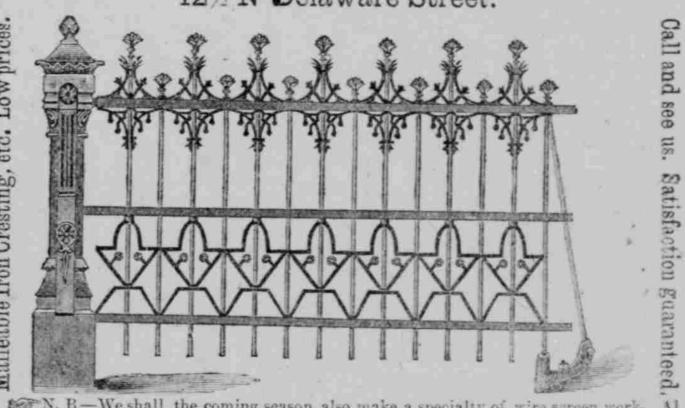
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